Fellowship in Prayer

"As truly as there is a region in human beings that fronts the external world, namely, the five senses— so there is another region which fronts God, which can enter into converse with the Lord, and receive from Him that which can not be found elsewhere!"

— Dr. John Smith

olume XVII APRIL 1966 Number 2

OUR PURPOSE

To promote the practice of prayer among ALL religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

22 East 29th Street New York 16, N.Y.

Volume XVII April 1966 Number 2

OUR WORDS

and

OUR WORKS

By our words and by our works, we are known.

Verily, "A tree is known by its fruit."

May we have the understanding to enable us to separate the essential from the nonessential things of life, casting away the nonessential and retaining and building into our lives, the essential.

In our conversation and in our writings, may we use only words of wisdom, worthy to be quoted by those who come after us, down through the years and the centuries, as we quote today those Eternal Verities, spoken by the Great Men of the past.

And may we so live, that, in departing we may bequeath to posterity a record of good works, worthy to be emulated by those who come after us.

— Harry Halsey Starrett

EDITORIAL

REACHING INTO SPACE

At the time this is being written, America's two newest astronauts, David Scott and Neil Armstrong have just been plucked safely out of a foreign and turbulent ocean after an even more turbulent experience in the reaches of space. Actually, the first words for this editorial were being formulated some few hours earlier, as the Gemini 8 circled the globe in seeming safety after accomplishing in beautiful efficiency its scheduled link-up with the Agena rocket. With those many millions of others following the progress of the space flight, this writer interrupted everything else and glued himself to television screen and radio as the frightening word was flashed that a situation more perilous than ever before experienced in our space program had developed. It is with deep and prayerful gratitude that we can comment now on the safe recovery of the two men.

With this latest space venture, thoughts here—and many places, certainly—have been focused once again on the vastness of the universe. Though our space program perhaps is open to question (*"What good will it do to land on the moon?" "Is the cost of the space program worth it, when there is so much those dollars could accomplish here on the planet we inhabit?"*) Man forever has reached for the stars. In spite of the critics, there is no doubt that he will continue to aim his thoughts—and now his physical presence, to a limited degree—upward. The impulse of curiosity, a curiosity which becomes more than idle thought but a true spiritual quest, is too strong for the movement upward and outward ever to stop. It dates back to Galileo—and before—and today, in addition to the space flights, finds our astronomers with their large telescopes discovering such astral phenomena as the "quasar" beams from outer space. These are the blinks of light so far away from our

terrestrial globe that our calculations determine that their rays have been traveling through space for *billions* of years before being detected by our telescopic cameras!

In the face of such data, one's mind whirls at the immensity of the universe. How did it begin, and where does it end? And if it ends....

With such questions raised, and immediate, objective answers so impossible, where do we turn? Many, of course, simply back away in confusion. Others find simplistic and fundamental answers which bring them their own satisfaction. Most of us, we venture, combine these courses; we admit our confusion, examine those "answers" available to us and, most of all, stand in awe at both the beautiful complexity of space and the ingenuity and questioning spirit of man.

In essence, all ultimately turns back to the realization that we, as individuals, stand in our own right facing the ultimate. We can praise and support the earthly reach for objective answers to the universe, and while eagerly listening to the data discovered still can find peace in the knowledge that the only true answers we are to know in this lifetime are those born in our faith and nurtured by our prayer.

As we gaze upward (or think outward), we perhaps find ourselves at a loss for words. This does not mean that we are mute. In our human state, it is inconceivable that we could formulate or understand whatever "language" that might exist which could explain the mysteries of being to such elementary creatures as ourselves. But this does not mean that we cannot communicate with that Greater Being. The beauty of our existence itself is that we can know, we can feel, we can experience that Presence here in our lives on this speck of the universe, even as we gaze upward in wonderment.

Thinking again, briefly, of those American and Russian individuals who have been able to break out of the atmospheric boundary thus far known to earthly man... Certainly, several have formulated words of prayerful comment and wonder as they gained a glimpse at a

beyond never before seen. Some of the American spacemen have attested to their awe; and the fact that one Russian scornfully commented that he "didn't find God up there" is proof that he was thinking and wondering about God.

We can, we must go on with our probe into space. But as we do so, let none of us who remain bodily shackled to this earth feel that we are left out of the exploration. In our physical limitation we can know that through our spiritual resources we already have the means of reaching into the beyond.

HERE ON EARTH

Drink from a stream son and daughter
Clear refreshing bubbly water.
Rest on a hill with grass and tree
God made all for you and me.

Enhale the fragrance of a flower
Feel raindrops of a summer shower.
Breathe the delightful surrounding air
And know God is everywhere.

Know the wonder of night — renewal at day
That sacred closeness when you pray.
You will marvel at glory and touch the love
Of God reflecting from the heaven above.

— Vicki Silvers

A FAITH
for the SPACE AGE

Donald H. Andrews

HOW can we make sure that the new atomic wealth will be used not to destroy but to create? The answer is plain. For centuries we have been trying to operate our world on the principle of the balance of power. Today it is clear that we can no longer control physical power by physical power. Our one hope is to control physical power by a higher kind of force, a more powerful force of the human spirit.

Where, people ask, can we hope to find this powerful spirit? We are no better than our fathers and mothers; we have no greater moral stature.

Our new knowledge also brings us new hope, for the same experiments which are giving us atomic power are also giving us atomic vision; we can look inside the atom and see something beyond the material. We can see through to a new horizon of the spirit.

To give you an idea of this new atomic vision I want to take you on a little trip inside the atom. Let's take an atom of calcium on the tip of the bone of your index finger. Firstly you must realize how small that atom is. One way of seeing this is to get an idea of the total number of atoms in your body. It contains about an octillion. If you sub-

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Donald H. Andrews is a Professor of Chemistry at Florida State University who has been active in rocket research and the development of atomic energy. The article here represents excerpts of an address given before Rotary International's 1958 Convention in Dallas, Texas, which has received wide attention. The excerpts are carried as edited by CHALLENGE, an international quarterly published by the Conference on Science and Religion, Inc.

stitute a pea for each of these octillion atoms, you would cover the surface of the earth four feet deep in peas—and not only the earth—you would have to collect 250,000 planets each the size of the earth and cover these with peas four feet deep, and then you would have octillion peas, the number equal to the number of the atoms in your body. An atom is small indeed.

Now suppose we enlarge that atom of calcium to a great balloon about 100 yards across. It will be big enough to put a football field inside. Then, at your normal size, step inside this atom. First, you will see circulating all around you some twenty luminous balls about the size of a football. These balls move in great circles, like planets around the sun. These are the electrons. If you wonder what holds them in their courses, look down at the center of the atom. There you will find a tiny whirling point of light about the size of the head of a pin. This is the atomic "sun", the atomic nucleus, the tiny point in which essentially all the matter and weight of the atom are concentrated as well as its atomic energy and the positive charge of electricity, which holds the negative electrons in their orbits.

An atom is essentially only empty space and since you and I are made of atoms, we are mostly nothing but empty space, too. If we could be squeezed down to the point at which all the atomic holes were squeezed out of us, we would be smaller than the smallest speck of dust.

This was the picture we had of the atom forty years ago. It is the so-called "particle" picture and according to it the atoms behave like little machines subject to the laws of mechanics and electricity. The motto of scientific philosophy was "the whole is equal to the sum of the parts." It was this point of view which made scientists agnostic. They felt that we and the rest of the universe were just parts of a supermachine, gears grinding through all eternity with no room for soul or meaning.

Then following 1925 there came a series of discoveries which gave us a new picture of the atom. To see it, let's step inside our atom

of calcium, the size of a football field, and have a look around while we wear more powerful glasses, and use an electronic hearing-aid. Now instead of flying footballs, we see around us ripples and waves, these spreading out in a great circles-and-waves pattern and filling the entire volume.

Now we turn up an atomic hearing-aid and become aware of music like great rolling organ music all about us, intermingling melody and harmony. Out atom sings, and it is answered by music in all the neighboring atoms. It is in this music that we find the real significance of the universe. It is too soon to say what this music is, but we are learning a good deal about it. In the first place, this music obeys laws very different from those of a machine. Thus the new motto of science appears to be that "the whole is more than the sum total of the parts."

What is it which has dominated this vast flux of atoms making up your existence? Today science recognizes that one of the deepest hallmarks of reality is "invariance under transformation." Whatever it is which keeps your life on its steady course through these vast changes—call it "sparks of life," "spirit,"—"soul"—it is that mysterious force which, according to our new science, has the supreme claim to reality. And now that we understand the atom as music, and the universe as music, we begin to see beyond the familar variable and tangible world around us a new, invisible world of music. And in it we recognize signs of the existence of the great spiritual realities which have been the foundation for human faith down through the centuries. A hundred years of science, the new thought, was opposed to religion. Today, science, through this new atomic vision, is affirming religion.

The dominant power of the universe is not the shattering physical power of the atom. It is power which lies beyond the material atom in the unseen world of the music of the spirit, the power of love. It is the power, and this alone, which can guard us and guide us as we move forward into the awesome new world of atomics and automation, rockets and space.

The physical power of the atom is released by chain reaction.

One atom explodes two, two explodes four, four explodes eight until finally the wave of explosion has released the total shattering power. Today we need a chain reaction of the spirit to release in the world a new power of love. If only a few of us can have the vision of faith, and have it intensely, we can be the torch which will start the chain reaction to ignite men's hearts throughout the world. We can open the door to a golden future and as the dawn of that new day brightens we shall understand at last the meaning of the words, ". . . the truth shall make you free."

THE ESSENCE OF THINGS UNSEEN

The most powerful forces in this world
Are the unseen things of life.
The senses absorb these mysteries
With which our experiences are rife:

We do not see the spoken words
And yet they mean so much;
The perfume of flowers cannot be seen
It is something we cannot touch.

The wind, which changes the atmosphere,
And drives the storm away,
Is something that can be heard and felt
But cannot be seen, night or day.

The power of love cannot be seen
And yet perfect love's example
Can influence generations of people.
Proof of it is ample.

The strength of the soul is a mystery,
An unseen gift of God:
It is the Essence of the greatest Word
Which comes when life is hard.

— Clara Ullrich Samuels

The Power of Silent Prayer

Marius C. Thode

BECAUSE we are human, we seem to have a penchant for making the most simple things seem complicated. Effective prayer is a very simple procedure, yet people have said to me: "I do not know how to pray." Yet, effective prayer means prayer which asks for things which can be granted. To have our prayers answered when we talk to God, we must have the faith within ourselves to *believe* that He will grant our prayer, if what we ask is good for ourselves, or perhaps for the benefit of another on whose behalf we pray.

When we feel the need of prayer, we should pray wherever we happen to be, whether in our homes, at the office, or elsewhere. Jesus said: *"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him."*

Let me cite just one experience which demonstrates the power of silent prayer. Some years ago, I was conducting a small business with a limited capital. At times after the salesmen were paid what was due them, I found that I, as the boss, had to be satisfied with less.

One Friday when I was unable to take home sufficient household money to give my wife I left the office and strolled up Sixth Avenue to think. I saw a pawn shop, and I guess the devil whispered to me that I could get some cash by pawning the watch which my bride had given me as a wedding present.

The pawnbroker examined my watch, and looking me over he asked: "Have you ever pawned anything before?" I replied: "No, this is the first time." Then he said: "I thought so, for you do not look the type. You have a very good watch here, and I am not going to let you pawn it. I will advance you ten dollars out of my pocket, if that will help you over the weekend."

That sounded like charity and

my pride was hurt. So I thanked him and walked out with my watch, and without the ten dollars. I walked over to Bryant Park and sat on a bench, filled with anxiety, wondering how I could keep my little business alive. I decided to talk to God about it. Fervently and reverently I asked for His guidance and help. Immediately I felt as though a heavy weight had been lifted from my shoulders, and my courage returned.

My prayer on that park bench was answered. Monday morning, when I reached my office, there on my desk was a contract which we thought had been lost to a competitor. Along with it was the customer's check in the amount of $500.00 as part payment for some goods to be imported. The envelope was postmarked as being mailed on Saturday, the day after my silent prayer on a park bench. The very first thing I did was to sincerely thank God. *Whenever our prayer is answered, we must never fail to thank Him from whom all blessings flow.*

When people claim that they do not know how to pray, it is because they think some special language is required, when communing with God. "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him." Just a few simple words you say from the heart with faith is all that is needed. Each night at bedtime my simple prayer, spoken with a firm belief, is "God will take care of tomorrow." And He always has!

Because people do not comprehend the benefits to be derived from living with God, they do not practice it sufficiently. They seem to feel that a serious study of religion is involved. That is not true, for the Spirit of God walks with us at all times, but He does not intrude on our lives unless called upon. It is man who prevents our daily life from becoming the paradise it might be.

We can start by practicing two very simple rules. The injunction, "Love ye one another," means that we should practice kindness each to the other. When we do good for our fellow man, we are ourselves rewarded for the act of kindness, not necessarily from the same person we have helped, but we will definitely receive *good* in return in God's own way. Likewise, when we sin

against another and do him harm, be assured that we will be repaid in the same coin. Thus, we punish ourselves, and then blame it on God. Doing good is an investment in yourself which pays handsome dividends.

Many people never call upon God until they are in serious trouble, and then they wonder why their prayer is not promptly answered. Can you expect to draw money out of a bank when you have never made any deposits? The second simple rule is to never do to others what you would not wish them to do to you. Jesus also said: "If a man ask you to go with him a mile, go you with him two." The young man who performs a mile more than his boss expects of him, is marked for promotion. A man who contributes more than was expected to a worthy cause is honored by his community.

The wise teachings of Jesus are plain everyday common sense, not theology. Start to practice the above simple rules every day, and in a short time you will notice how much better you feel personally, and how your outlook on life has improved. It is foolish to deny ourselves the bounties which God bestows, when we can claim them by simply following what Jesus taught.

FOLDED HANDS

My heart floats up
To receive God's love
As I silently pray
And my hands catch the love
That He sends down to me.

— Roy Douglas Borrow

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD

Balbina Tavin

To divide is to break into parts. If we are a certain distance from a wall and we undertake to divide that distance by halfs, we would never reach the wall for the answer is infinity.

How then can we divide God into attributes? How can we limit infinity, which by definition, has no limits? When we seek to define God, we are trying to place the limits of our human experience around infinity!

Let us take a smaller integer than two as our divisor—one. Any number divided by one is the number. Nothing is accomplished.

We call God "The Prime Mover," "The Creator." He created everything out of void. But if there was a beginning, then there must be also an end. The whole interlude of existence is bounded by void. But we balk at accepting this. Rather we would make existence and God one!

But now, let us go further and test zero! Now the equation cannot be defined; for to divide by zero is absurd. Yet, zero is a real number. When we define a temperature as "zero degrees" we do not mean an absence of temperature, but a specific one on a scale. Zero, in *special* cases, means *"nothing."* But as a number, it means *something.* It might mean multiplies of ten or tenths, or simply (as above) a position—a being.

God is unique even as zero is unique. He has none of the properties by which we determine matter. Does this mean he does not exist?

Adding or subtracting zero from a number equals the number. Nothing changes. It can neither be proved nor disproved that God exists, but in order to prove that He doesn't, we must first assume that he does!

Faith is the assumption that God exists.

A FAVORITE PLACE

Berneice A. McCombs

Do you have a favorite place? A place that lends to you a sense of peace, good will and rest—a place that adds to your heart a renewal of faith in God and mankind—a place of enjoyment and love? Many have found such a place and go there many times.

High in the Rockies, there is a range of mountains that governs a certain area of our Universe. This is Independence Pass. It is well named. At a height of 12,095 feet above sea level, it determines when it is the proper time to open and close its gates in spring and fall.

From this skyward point, gazing at the wonderland below and above, it seems that the tall bold peaks stretch their heads up high to touch the clouds. All year long, the frost of winter dwells within each peak. The snow at the top and the sunshine seem to be saying that time is short between each winter season, so must supply this river bed as soon as possible. Numerous springs race to the valley below.

As children in school we had to learn the source of each river. We never realized what beauty dwelt with the formation of a river. Each small fountain has its important part to play in this construction job. The valley, with its many shades of green, collects this water in moving swamps. The swamps rush to form one main channel, an ever-moving, ever-working movement. The aspen tree resembles a child's lollipop; with its long straight trunk built to stand waist-high in snow, and its round bushy top seems to pay its respects to God. The tall pine makes shelter for God's creatures that live below its branches. This magnificent view stretches as far as the eyes can see.

As we view this sample of God's handiwork, it seems to be telling us a meaning of life. Each part of this wonderland has a purpose to accomplish. Each drop of water rushes to form the larger body of water. Each aspect of nature has an aim.

If Nature finds purpose, then you and I must do the same. We are like this drop of water and are a part of a great plan. We can find and see a purpose in our lives. God gave to each of us a share of His mind to choose our aims as we command.

A REMEMBRANCE OF DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER

Our times have looked upon Tagore, Gandhi and Schweitzer as the very conscience of the modern world—the three saints of modern civilization. Tagore stood for beauty, Gandhi for truth and Schweitzer for good. In this cynical world few people have evoked the unstinted reverence of their contemporaries as these three and Schweitzer received it in an abundant measure. When this writer saw and heard him in the great hall of the University College, London, in 1935, the vast gathering of the youthful listeners was hushed into silence. Everyone was thrilled with the sweet music of his sonorous voice and his venerable countenance irradiated a sanctity, very uncommon in the modern world. Spontaneous reverence went forth to meet him. Those were the days of Hitler and Mussolini when they were hurling threats of destruction at a Europe cowering with fear. In the midst of that crashing world, he spoke of love and reverence, of the sweet balm that could heal the spiritual wound that modern civilization had dealt to the thirsting soul. The sweet exhalation of his voice rose like a prayer and a calm, never experienced before, descended upon the audience. That unforgettable memory still abides.

— From THE INDIAN MESSENGER
(An Editorial Note by Dr. Sarojendra Nath Ray)

THE BLESSING OF PRAYER

W. J. Thompson

The famous scientist, Charles Steinmetz, was once asked which field for future research offered the greatest promise. "Prayer" he replied instantly. "Find out about Prayer."

And another noted scientist, Dr. Alexis Carrel, declared: "The most powerful form of energy one can generate is not mechanical, electronic or even atomic energy, but prayer energy."

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell wrote: "The privilege of prayer to me is one of my most cherished possessions, because faith and experience alike convince me that God Himself sees and answers prayer. My part is to come to God sincerely and earnestly, and leave results with Him. In the quiet of the home, in all the activities of life in the face of death, the privilege of prayer is beyond description."

Former President Dwight D. Eisenhower called for the establishment of a prayer room in the Eisenhower Center at Abilene, Kansas, "where men can meditate to consider their future, and their Creator." He said: "This nation's founders believed in divine guidance, and that all great governments of the world were built on a belief in a Divine Creator."

Prayer is the process or means used to communicate with God—and it is important, first of all, because in the very act of praying we thus bring into our minds the reality of God.

In prayer there is a new confidence when we are convinced of the reality of the Divine Being to Whom we turn. Prayer is also important because of its effect upon those who pray, revealing to them their spiritual relationship to the unseen Power addressed during the act of offering communication.

Prayer is, therefore, more than petition; it is more than participation. Prayer is partnership with God! And when once that union becomes a fact, we know beyond all doubt or question that God and the human soul come together in Prayer!

FOUR FREEDOMS

NOTE: The material on these pages is taken directly from the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD for Friday July 8, 1963. The tribute to one of the Fellowship's most faithful supporters is as much in keeping today as when it was expressed by Representative Charles H. Wilson of California—and the truth of her poetic thoughts on the Four Freedoms is everlasting.

Mr. Speaker, it has truly been said that poetry is the greatest of all the arts. In my own State of California we have many talented men and women who by their gifts are able to brighten our days and lighten the load we carry in this war-weary world.

Mrs. Zelma Dennis, a resident of my district, has contributed many poems to newspapers and magazines both in this country and abroad. She is listed in the International Who's Who of Poetry; Who's Who of American Women; is past president of Poets Haven; and is a member of the California Chaparral Poets, and many other organizations of poets and artists. Mrs. Dennis is the author of six brochures of poetry and holds a number of awards for her work.

Zelma S. Dennis has written four poems—one for each of the Four Freedoms. I believe they are of sufficient merit to be brought to the attention of my colleagues and I hereby offer them for consideration.

The poems are as follows:

FREEDOM FROM WANT

To move untrammeled in life's great pursuit
Both solely or united is our own.
This opportunity is Freedom's fruit
Un ique unto America alone.
We hold this truth that man is free to work,
To choose his labor or create at will.
For everyone who toils, and does not shirk
The menial finds enterprise can fill
His life and make it reach its highest peak.
This is reward endeavor truly made,
Contentment is its gift that all men seek,
Accomplishment his satisfaction paid.
America you give in Liberty
The will to work and serve humanity.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

When man first crept from ignorance to light,
And found that words could shape the future's way,
He became articulate, desiring right
And wisdom for the balance of each day.
When passion is subservient, not rule,

Man's thoughts are lofty striving for
all good.
Free speech when born of truth is the
greatest tool
To forge enduring bonds of brother-
hood.
America your challenge for each one
Is guard the flame that feeds the
fiery words
To keep our history brave from sun to
sun.
From snow-clad peak to every sea-
deep surge.
Free speech is key that has for every
man
Design of heaven or hell, since it
began.

FREEDOM FROM FEAR

The whiplash of the tyrant long held sway
And people fled to seek a new frontier,
Where children yet unborn might someday
play
In youthful frolic undimmed by desolate
fear.
The journey from far lands was peril-
wrought
But courage found its welcome on this
shore
Where heart-felt dreams were filled at
last and caught
Transforming tired lives to vital core.
Here knowledge lighted pathways and il-
lumned
The scroll of time. All doubt its icy
grasp
Relinquished life, and verdant hope now
bloomed
With starry vision held in freedom's
clasp.
This land predestined joy of life-to-be,
Bore in each breast a hallowed
guarantee.

FREEDOM OF RELIGION

From out dark canyons of oppressive
years
Where cruel minds had persecuted
Faith.
We found your light oh Liberty, with
tears
Of Joy, for Hope was not a ghostly
wraith.
We knelt before the altars of belief
In gratitude each gave his special
prayer.
No longer sorrow and unending grief
For worship was our own with God to
share.
Here in this land no shackles bound our
thought,
We soared to heights on inspiration's
wing.
Our liberated souls reached truth that
caught
New generations where glad hearts
could sing
To God, whose glory held this land in
peace,
And gave man's prayer unlimited re-
lease.

HYMN TO ZEUS

O God most glorious, called by many a name,
Nature's great King, through endless years the same;
Omnipotence, who by thy just decree
Controllest all, hail, Zeus, for unto thee
Behooves thy creatures in all lands to call.
We are thy children, we alone, of all
On earth's broad ways that wander to and fro,
Bearing thine image wheresoe'er we go.
Wherefore with songs of praise thy power I will forth show.
Lo! yonder heaven, that round the earth is wheeled,
Follows thy guidance, still to thee doth yield
Glad homage; thine unconquerable hand
Such flaming minister, the levin-brand,
Wieldeth, a sword two-edged, whose deathless might
Pulsates through all that Nature brings to light;
Vehicle of the universal Word, that flows
Through all, and in the light celestial glows
Of stars both great and small. O King of Kings
Through ceaseless ages, God, whose purpose brings
To birth, whate'er on land or in the sea
Is wrought, or in high heaven's immensity;
Save what the sinner works infatuate.
Nay, but thou knowest to make crooked straight:
Chaos to thee is order: in thine eyes

Cleanthes (331-232 B.C. was Zeno's successor as head of the Stoic School. He is said to have been extremely poor and to have earned his livelihood by drawing water from a well. It was Cleanthes who gave Stoicism its religious fervor, as the Hymn here presented suggests. The Hymn is the only considerable survival of Cleanthes' numerous writings. The translation is by James Adam.

—By courtesy of Murray Young.

The unloved is lovely, who did'st harmonize
Things evil with things good, that there should be
One Word through all things everlastingly.
One Word — whose voice alas! the wicked spurn;
Insatiate for the good their spirits yearn:
Yet, seeing see not, neither hearing hear
God's universal law, which these revere,
By reason guided, happiness who win.
The rest, unreasoning, diverse shapes of sin
Self-prompted follow: for an idle name
Vainly they wrestle in the lists of fame:
Others inordinately Riches woo,
Or dissolute, the joys of flesh pursue.
Now here, now there they wander, fruitless still,
For ever seeking good and finding ill.
Zeus the all-bountiful, whom darkness shrouds,
Whose lightning lightens in the thunder clouds;
Thy children save from error's deadly sway:
Turn thou the darkness from their souls away:
Vouchsafe that unto knowledge they attain;
For thou by knowledge art made strong to reign
O'er all, and all things rulest righteously.
So by thee honoured, we will honour thee,
Praising thy works continually with songs,
As mortals should; nor higher meed belongs
E'en to the gods, than justly to adore
The universal law for evermore.

CONFUCIANISM AND PRAYER

William Hung

LET US visualize in our mind the capital letter V, standing inverted. Let us visualize again the capital H, lying lengthwise on its side, balanced on the vertex of the inverted capital V. Now, we have the outline of a Chinese word, or a character, or a graph, or an ideograph (meaning the graph of an idea). This Chinese word, or ideograph, is, perhaps, the most important one in the whole Chinese language. Its pronounciation may be roughly represented by the four Latin letters, T-I-E-N, *tien*. What is the meaning of this word or ideograph *tien?* It will not be easy to give *tien* a definite definition although the main purport of this article is centered on it.

Let me now recall my boyhood experiences in North China more than sixty years ago. Whether I was in a workman's shop, or a merchant's store, or a farmer's dwelling, if I paused to examine the various decorative items on the wall, the most frequent chance would be that I saw a picture, in color or simply black and white, a picture on a scroll, of varying sizes, where the paper was occupied almost entirely by a large representation of the ideograph *tien*. In every case, the two legs of *tien* were very much extended and with the foot to the right very much enlarged. In every case, there was the picture of a tiny man in ordinary, inexpensive clothing, holding in the left hand a bowl of rice, holding in the right hand a pair of chopsticks, sitting on the ground to the right, his back leaning comfortably on the ankle of the picture *tien*, towering high above him. Sometimes there were no other writings on the scroll. Often there were four other words, very much smaller in size, announcing the subject of the picture. These four words were: *cow-tien-chee-fan*, meaning "I lean on *tien* and eat my rice." With the help of this picture, now we get approximately what the average Chinese has

meant by the ideograph *tien*.

In the context of this picture, tremendous *tien* and tiny man, and this caption, "I lean on *tien* and eat my rice," the word *tien* may be said to approximate such meanings as found in such English words as God, Providence, Nature, Reason, Wisdom, Moral Force, or Philosophical absolute. From the variety of colors and shades of such meanings, we may say that the varying schools of Chinese thought have sprung. I am not going to expound on Chinese philosophers, but I must emphasize the fact that the men of the Chinese schools represent only a very small percentage of the mass of Chinese people. The concept of *tien* is basic with both.

As far as it concerns the overwhelming mass of the Chinese people, for the most part unlettered and not given to the habit of speculation, their ideas about *tien* may be confused or contradictory. When they say *tien*, they may mean the body of spirits or the supreme spiritual being—often pictured in a human form and thought of as being interested in the affairs of humanity. The word *tien* may mean the cosmic order, including its law and its enforcement to maintain orderliness. It may mean that vast physical universe which man designates by pointing his finger upwards. There is an English word which, with its own ambiguities, may be said to approximate *tien*. This English word, in two syllables, the first syllable beginning with H, the second syllable beginning with V, is, of course, the word "Heaven." The picture on the Chinese scroll may now be said to be a picture of Heaven and man, and the caption may be translated, "I lean on Heaven and eat my rice."

I do not know how the picture of Heaven and man originated. Its origin must have dated from ancient times. One of the stone tablets with the picture of Heaven and man engraved on it has also an inscribed statement, dated 1813. The statement says that the picture was copied from an ancient inscription. I am inclined to think that even as early as the time of Confucius there might have been already in existence some picture similar, or analogous, to the picture of Heaven and man. At any rate, there must have already existed the idea of man's dependence up-

on Heaven for living, which furnished the background for Confucius' idea about Heaven and for the numerous references to Heaven in the classical literature of the Confucian school. The sayings of Confucius and the sayings of his disciples that have a bearing on the concept of Heaven are, of course, too numerous to quote. A few citations will be perhaps enough.

I may mention Confucius' interesting autobiographical summary. Said the Master: "When I was fifteen, I set my ambition on learning. At thirty I was able to take a stand. At forty I ceased to waver. At fifty I began to understand Heaven's will. At sixty I listened to all, and none could offend my ears. At seventy I could indulge my heart's desire with no fear of transgression." This statement of Confucius was made either in the year 480 B.C. when he was seventy-one, or in the year 479 B.C., the year of his death, when he was seventy-two.

It may be of interest to observe that what Confucius meant by Heaven's will is very much like what the literature of the Confucian school sometimes refers to also as the laws of God. It was said that, in very ancient times, many centuries before Confucius, the common people lived a simple and wholesome life. Such life was described in these lines:

> At sunset, they rest.
> At sunrise, they are up to work.
> There is not much that they know,
> But they obey the laws of God.

It seems to me that the obedience of the laws of God, or the need of such obedience, is an extension of the concept portrayed in the picture of the great Heaven and the tiny man. How did the very ancient Chinese farmer, workman, or merchant, obey the laws of God? The laws of God never seemed to have been codified even in the time of Confucius. Said Confucius, "What has Heaven to say? The seasons run their course. All things grow. What has Heaven to say?" It seems that in ancient China the common people lived and worked in accordance with the

heavenly rhythm, which might have been taken to be manifestation of the laws of God.

Confucius, however, was a school teacher. What he had to say was meant for the reading and reflection of students and other teachers. What he meant by Heaven's will might not have differed in essence from what had appeared to the common people as the laws of God. There was, however, a difference between Confucius' understanding the one and the common people's obeying the other. For the uneducated people, though not knowing much, to obey the laws of God is not hard; for the educated men, though having learnt much, to understand Heaven's will is not easy.

Even for Confucius, who was a very smart man, he had to concentrate on learning first, and then had to pass through a period of thirty-five years and the stages of trying to take a stand and trying to avoid wavering before he could reach the beginning of real maturity, at which he understood Heaven's will. Let us note what bearing this had upon the two decades following. First, he so understood his fellowmen that none of them was to him offensive. Some of his disciples once discussed what it was that made the Master so attractive to people. They signalized his five characteristics. The Master was warm. The Master was meek. The Master was reverent. The Master was frugal. The Master was modest. It seems that the understanding of Heaven's will leads to one's loving his neighbor and being lovable to his neighbor.

Secondly, another decade of life's progress brought Confucius to the climax whereat he knew that he was free from temptation and free from fear. Taken in this context, the term Heaven's will seems to have much to do with one's being at peace with God, at peace with his fellowmen, and at peace with himself.

I stated that I did not want to enter into the labyrinth of Chinese philosophical systems. Nor do I wish to bring up the elaborate ethical code of Confucianism, which arose centuries after Confucius. What I do wish to emphasize is this: Other opinions notwithstanding, the

teachings of Confucius are fundamentally religious.

My own understanding of Confucianism began with my love and adoration of my father, who, towards the close of the Manchu dynasty, was one of the very few thoroughly incorruptible public officials of the time. He was not only a diligent student of Confucianism, but also a conscientious practicer of its most important tenets. He it was who first taught me such basic concepts: There are three forms of immortality—the immortality of character, the immortality of monumental work, and the immortality of permanent helpful words. As you wish to stand up, help others so to stand up; as you wish to succeed, help others so to succeed. Do not do to others what, were you in their places, you would not wish to have done to you. What a man really possesses is what he has given away. A person should always be reverent for, whenever he lifts up his head, he can feel the presence of God, not more than a yard away.

One of the stages which I may characterize as my progress in the understanding of Confucianism came about when I was under the influence of a great Christian bishop, James W. Bashford of the Methodist Church, who it was that baptized me fifty-three years ago. Bishop Bashford's book, *China: An Interpretation* (New York, 1916, revised and enlarged 1919), I still regard as one of the finest products of the consecrated pen. In the writing of it, he thoroughly applied the principle of the Golden Rule and made it very clear that he interpreted China and Confucianism as he would wish a Chinese Confucianist to interpret America and Christianity—kindly candid and honestly appreciative. It was Christian statesmen and scholars of Bishop Bashford's type that helped me rapidly to appreciate the unity of religion in the fact that there is only one God for the whole of mankind and to realize that this concept is also a basic assumption in Confucius' teachings.

Another big step in the progress of my own religious life took place while I was a prisoner of the Japanese army. Some of the unforgettable experiences I have already related and published in such publications as *Guideposts* and *Fellowship in Prayer*. Without narrating instances, I may sum them up by saying that it was during the one hundred

forty-one days of imprisonment that the power of prayer became exceedingly real to me.

May I say that my sixteen years' association with Fellowship in Prayer represents the climax of my religious understanding? At any rate, with the help of many friends of different faiths, I have come to understand that prayer, in any of the varying forms, with or without words, is basic with religion. I have come to appreciate more of the religious foundation of Confucianism through a more adequate understanding of the two only passages concerned with Confucius' teaching about prayer.

In the fundamental book among Confucian classics, *The Analects*, it is said that one day Confucius was sick, one of his disciples proposed prayer, but Confucius said, "I have always prayed."

This poses a critical problem for the numerous commentators. Many of them would point to another passage where it is said that there were four subjects the Master would not discuss. He would not discuss monstrocity. He would not discuss might. He would not discuss disorder. He would not discuss God. Since he would not discuss God, these commentators would regard him as an agnostic in religious matters and would interpret his remark, "I have always prayed," as a polite evasive answer, meaning, "No, thank you; it is useless." Now I believe that, when Confucius said to his solicitous, but somewhat hot-headed, disciple, "I have always prayed," he was in reality administering a mild rebuke, meaning, "Are you just now beginning to pray?"

There is a second passage about prayer. Confucius was once asked whether it was more important to humor the god of the kitchen or the god of the hearth. The Master answered, "When one offends Heaven, it is useless of him to pray." All commentators are of course very much puzzled because the relationship between the question and the answer is what one might say *non sequitur*. What an enlightment I hit upon when I read in the Gospels Jesus' teaching that one should not be anxious about such necessities of life as food and clothing, but one should seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness! I exclaimed, "Why!

This is the most explicit and the best commentary on the discourse in the Confucian school five centuries previously." To humor the god of the kitchen and the god of the hearth corresponds to the anxious prayer for food and shelter. To think of Heaven as the cook or the grocer, the landlord or the building contractor, savors of mistaken identity. Such prayers are useless because they are unnecessary and therefore wasted.

We have in Chinese literature long and short pieces of text which we may call prayers. A few of them belonged to the times before Confucius, a great many after his time. They are addressed to Heaven, to gods or goddesses, to the spirits of departed ancestors, to historical or fictitious heroes, to local or animistic dieties, and so forth. In content, these prayers are not very different from the common run of prayers elsewhere. They consist of flattering, begging, pleading, complaining, arguing, bargaining, and so forth.

What we may regard as singular is the fact that though we are told that Confucius had always prayed, we have not a single text of his prayers. Since his disciples were eager to record the de tails of his living habit and even fragments of his conversation, it is extremely unlikely that they would fail to cite any prayer of his, had he ever written to publically uttered one. Yet, he said that he had always prayed. The question then is "How?" It is possible that he shut his door and prayed in his door and prayed in his room in secret as Jesus taught the earliest Christians half a millennium later. Now I believe it more likely that Confucius prayed without words. The discussion about prayer in the hundred issues of *FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER* has convinced me that, though there are indeed some very elegant and some very beautiful prayers, the best and the most mature ones are perhaps those that are completely wordless.

It is our immaturity in the understanding of prayer that we sometimes pray as if God were an omnipotent magician or Mr. Fixit. If our neglect of health brings about sickness or if our bellicosity leads to war, the prayer for recovery or for victory, though understandable, is not very much more mature than the idea of the little girl who asked of her mother, "If I pray real hard, could God make London the capital of Albania?"

"Well," said the mother, "Why do you want Him to do so?" "It was this morning's geography examination...."

A mature prayer may be simply a right desire, a confident expectation, a new awakening, a feeling of gratitude, a surge of love, or a sense of peace. In the picture of the great Heaven and the tiny man, it is not difficult to read from the relaxed posture and the contented expression of the man some such awareness. In the case of Confucius, his prayers might have been such mature, spiritual exercises that brought him to the understanding of Heaven's will. Once he understood Heaven's will, we may reasonably assume that he would pray, not so much in words as in fervent desire, firm resolve, and confident expectation, "Thy will be done."

It is Goodness that gives to a neighborhood its beauty. One who is free to choose, yet does not prefer to dwell among the Good—how can he be accorded the name of wise? Is Goodness indeed so far away? If we really wanted Goodness, we should find it was at our very side. Imperturbable, resolute, tree-like, slow to speak—such a one is near to Goodness. Neither the scholar who has truly the heart of a scholar nor the man of good stock who has the qualities that belong to good stock, will ever seek life at the expense of Goodness, and it may be that he has to give his life in order to achieve Goodness. The Good man does not grieve that the other people do not recognize his merits. His only anxiety is lest he should fail to recognize theirs.

— Confucius (*The Analects*)

DISPOSITION FOR MIRACLES

Genevieve Burnell

We are told that when God observes the disposition, He grants the perfection. We are told that the perfection of man is something beyond his own nature; the perfection of man is God. Man is not created to be perfect in himself; he is not self-sufficient. His perfection is God and therefore it is something over and above and beyond a merely natural perfection. It is the perfection of divinity itself.

This is the end for which man is created, not to be satisfied in his natural world, but to be satisfied only with God. He is built, made, equipped to receive God, and he cannot be satisfied short of God. When he tries to find his satisfaction in the things of the world he finds himself inflicted with a leprosy of spirit and a palsy of mind.

The perfect prayer consists in a two-fold disposition, confession and faith. The way is opened for healing by the confession of recognition and the confession of need, the faith which is to be able to see with the eyes of the heart the presence of God even in the midst of human perceptions. Faith and confession. The confession of one's need, of one's inadequacy, of one's inability to deliver himself; and the faith in the power of the divine will which is your deliverance, which is the action, the work of this Word. This is the perfect prayer.

It has been provided for man that he should have a foundation upon which he can offer his disposition. He has been given the power to pray, which is God in him that can really pray. But God has imparted Himself to man in such a way that he can pray. And of course, it is not truly necessary to express our needs because God, being omniscient, does know better than we do what we need. He knows our real need, which is our need of Him. But He has given us this particular way of turning to Him, which is called prayer, and confessing our need. It is not that God has to be told, or because by our prayers we are going to change Him in any way, but because when we pray, and when we express our need of Him, we are in a sense delivered from ourselves.

It is most important to be de-

livered from your ego, which is a sort of closed system where you think you cannot do anything except what your nature provides for you to do. But when we confess our own nothingness to God, that is the disposition that wins for us His perfection.

So He has given us this ability to pray, and prayer has become the mainspring upon which our sense of deliverance proceeds. Our eyes begin to open to the real action of His will and it is as though He said to us, I will make you aware of your perfection. His will is your perfection. And when you pray to Him, admitting and confessing your own nothingness, you are made aware, then, in this mirror of nothingness, of that perfection which is beyond your human nature.

This action of prayer, which is a confession and a faith, is the mainspring upon which your recognition of deliverance, your revelation of healing, comes; it proceeds along this path. But remember you could never have deliverance, you could never have healing of any kind, no matter how slight nor how great, if it were not for the will of God which has already provided His own perfection for you. You do not make your perfection, you do not change your state of health. You could never be made aware of your perfection if it were not already granted you and provided for you. To become aware of this is to be under the authority of the Word and the divine will.

They who can give of love divine
Kindle a light, where it can shine
Upon earth's pathway for tired feet
To travel on without defeat.

— Loreta Inman

COURAGE

Roy Wallace Thomas

IN THE EFFORT to show a group of small boys the difference between courage and mere daring, as we prepared to go on a hike near some dangerous cliffs, I related the experience of a brilliant Italian journalist traveling in South America. He had accompanied a mining engineer to a solitary spot among the majestic ranges of the Andes. Climbing to the top of a jutting peak, his attention was caught by the daring of a Chilean tramp. With a curved knife in his belt, the man moved among the rocks sly as a smuggler. He carried a bag. Crouching, crawling, he put his hand into a crevice and drew forth a living creature. He was a condor hunter who steals eggs and young birds.

The condor builds its nest in the crevices of the highest rocks and almost inaccessible pinnacles of the Andes. The female hovers over the four sticks that surround her round bluish eggs, while the male stands guard. They live on llamas, fawns, foxes, wild kids, and when hungry they swoop down into the valleys and carry off lambs. The Italian adventurer followed the Chilean condor hunter from a distance. With desperate skill, the man walked along the edge of the precipice like a sleepwalker. Below was the abyss. Then he scaled a vertical pinnacle and removed from the slight cup at the top, two large blue objects. A shadow fell upon him and a great bird poised above him, it had wide black wings nine feet across, a long neck the color of coagulated blood, yellow powerful beak, and sharp talons having the strength of steel.

The hunter had no gun. Gripping the curved knife in his left hand, he stood on the pedestal fighting a duel. Twice he struck; twice the bird escaped with beating wings, trying to seize the man with beak and talon. Each onrush almost toppled the hunter. Strident condor cries rang out. Then, with powerful strokes, the condor rose high into the air, described a circle then dropped like a solid weight upon the man's shoulders. There was a frenzied mass of wings and arms, claws and legs,

a turmoil of feathers, rags, and blood. A body fell and crashed into the abyss. On the pinnacle the condor shrieked his victory.

Was the Chilean hunter a brave man? The boys volunteered the opinion that he was daring but not brave. They did not regard the quest for condor eggs as a worthy end for risking life or limb. They made the guess that his daring probably cost a wife her husband and the children their father. Then I told an incident that had occurred during the previous week. A boy ten years old climbed up into an apple tree to make an impression on the pretty girl in the neighboring yard. Pointing to a limb ten feet away he said, "I am Tarzan. Watch me jump to that tree." He jumped and, of course fell, broke his leg, and was taken to the hospital. Was he a brave boy? The boys were unanimous in the verdict that this "Tarzan" was foolish.

I tried the boys again, this time relating the experience of a young mother. She was delicate in health and suffered from a weak heart. For her to look down from a high elevation, such as a bridge, made her deathly sick. The man painting her house had gone to lunch leaving his ladder against the eaves. Missing her two-year old boy, she went out to look for him. She was panic-stricken to find him toddling back and forth on the ridge of the roof, waving his arms in glee. She did not hesitate. With legs weak and trembling, fighting dizziness, she managed to reach her boy and somehow get him to safety. She never could explain how she did it. She said she never had been so frightened in her life, and in her weakened condition he seemed to weigh a ton.

MY INFORMAL conference of youngsters at once agreed that this mother displayed true courage. She braved danger for another in peril. They decided, without debate, that the person who endangers himself for an insufficient cause may show daring but not true bravery. To be brave, courageous and heroic involves risk for the good of others.

We read that Jesus was tempted to climb to a dizzy height on the temple and cast himself down to astound the gaping throng. He stoutly refused to indulge in mere daring or spectacular display. He incarnated

manhood at the highest—the divinity of true friendship among all men and women of whatever station in life and whatever race. This "good neighbor policy" of twenty centuries ago made the enemies who crucified Him.

The dynamic force of the quality of His God-centered friendship lives today. For example it grew to maturity in the heart and will of a certain boy born in Kentucky, whose youth was spent in Indiana, and his young manhood in Illinois. He spent his leisure hours on his back by the light of his fireplace reading the best biographies and most inspiring books he could find, including the Bible, and absorbed their truth. He retained his high ideals during four terms in the state legislature, then retired from politics to build up a successful law practice.

He suddenly re-entered politics in order to defeat Senator Douglas, the champion of continued slavery. Abraham Lincoln was defeated for the Senate, but became President. His practical idealism made the enemies who assassinated him. But today, many call Abraham Lincoln the greatest American in history.

Jesus' program of divine friendship would create a new world by making all men brothers. Lincoln's championship of true democracy as "government of the people, by the people, for the people," would renew all governments by requiring universal justice ruled by intelligence in a warless world. Both ventures are social in their fulfillment. Neither could prosper under the harsh daring of fanatics, but would require God-led creative *courage*.

Great Spirit, let me not judge my brother until I have walked a mile in his moccasins.

— An Indian Prayer

A LITANY

Dear Lord, I am an empty vessel:
Fill me with perfect life.
Dear Lord, I am an empty vessel:
Fill me with renewed strength.
Dear Lord, I am an empty vessel:
Fill me with inner vision.
Dear Lord, I am an empty vessel:
Fill me with vital wholeness.
Dear Lord, I am an empty vessel:
Fill me with vibrant harmony.
Dear Lord, I am an empty vessel:
Fill me with inner quietness.
Dear Lord, I am an empty vessel:
Fill me with Thy radiant love.

Dear Lord, here am I,
Fill me to overflowing with Thyself.
Amen.

— Elizabeth Searle Lamb

THE TRAVELER PAUSES

The journey is long
and the traveler pauses
looking this way and that like Moses
in Egypt
until a friend is discovered
who will wash the feet
of truth passing through town.

— William Walter DeBolt

NOTICES and COMMENTS

REBIRTH AND RENEWAL. The blessings of this Spring season, which again reminds us that the spirit of rebirth and renewal can overcome all forms of death, go forth to all readers and friends. That glorious truth is doubly emphasized this year through both the Christian Easter message and the Jewish celebration of Passover, marking the exodus of the Jewish people out of Egypt under Moses in search of freedom. In our current era of increasing interreligious understanding and friendship it is appropriate to note that the Passover season, April 5-12, coincides with the Christian Holy Week.

SPECIAL PRAYER. We would like to remind all members of the Fellowship and others that our offices here are available as a focal point for the solicitation of prayer. Over the years, many have written us requesting others to petition the Almighty for special purposes—relating both to times of need and occasions for gratitude. We are willing and ready to relay these requests and have been assured, in numerous cases, that our "prayer circle" voice has been heard.

CONTRIBUTORS. Among articles in this issue, we would like to make special mention of the contributions from two of our most faithful co- and friends—Dr. W. J. Thompson and Mr. Harry Halsey Starrett. Dr. Thompson in recent weeks has been suffering from a leg injury but retains his spiritual vigor and reports that, with the help of the prayers of many, his physical condition has improved considerably. Mr. Starrett, we are pleased to comment, continues to write and carry on a busy schedule of activities. Now over ninety years of age, he has been a supporter of the Fellowship since December 1949.

IN THIS ISSUE. Among major articles in this issue, we are pleased to present the inspired article, *Confucianism and Prayer,* by the President of Fellowship in Prayer, Dr. William Hung. This is based largely on one on the public lectures he has delivered at various places on behalf of the Fellowship... Readers will find that in addition to the work of familiar authors, the issue contains thoughts in prose and poetry from several new contributors. We always welcome submissions and would encourage those familiar with the work of the Fellowship to join us in the continuing effort to gain new friends and readers. We are especially grateful at this time for the assistance in this regard by one of our recent members, Mr. Marius C. Thode.

THE POWER OF PRAYER. We have had many comments appreciative of "The Power of Prayer" poem which we carried on page 1 of the February 1966 issue. We, in turn, appreciate the thoughtfulness of Miss Marie Comeau of Salem, Massachusetts for making the selection available to us.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. FIP is published six times a year at the rate of $3.00. Special rates are available for additional copies.

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We are sincerely grateful to those readers who have renewed, and are renewing their subscriptions. Those who have not yet done so are invited to renew as soon as possible. Ours is a nonprofit fellowship and only through the help and cooperation of those who are interested in our work can FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER be improved and extended throughout the world.

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THE SACRED GARDEN

O sacred garden of Gethsemane,
There, where the pale moon shone, with one great star,
The Saviour knelt alone! O sacred trees,
The silvery olives, that bent low above Him,
Still bear their fruits today—they heard His prayer!
O sacred flowers that grew in that far year
So dim and far away—and yet how near,
This Holy Day—almost we hear His voice
Of yearning love and grief—but on this Day
Forgotten are the suffering and the pain,
This thrilling Day of wonder, when the earth
The Cross—the Tomb—were powerless to hold Him,
And all the world with nature is rejoicing,
And lifting up glad choirs, of thanksgiving
And praises to His name—the Ever Living!
The Easter dawn proclaims the promised Word,
And standing in its light—is Christ—the Lord!

— Grace Bush

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